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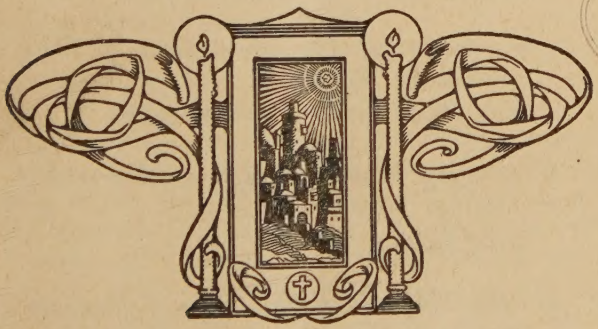

The Rev. Gaius Glenn Atkins
Editor

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The Message of Lent for Now

The Rev. Warren S. Archibald

Hartford, Conn.

THE Message of Lent is the same "Now," as it was yesterday, and as it will be tomorrow, for the message is Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

Yet this "Now" in which we live, this present era, is one of the great and terrible days in the history of the world, like unto the days when the Barbarians were destroying the ancient world.

So our Lent in 1952 calls for thinking, great thinking, profound thinking, clear thinking, the mind of Christ. For the truth is we live in the midst of crooked and perverse thinking. As Phillips Brooks said, "There is no magic in the days of Lent. It is only that we have resolved till Easter to give more time and thought to our religious life." We are dedicated in these 40 days to serious thought.

For the 40 days in the wilderness meant to the Lord Jesus Christ profound thinking on the nature of the Messiahship. The main issue of the Temptation was this: Shall the Messiah be secular or spiritual? He thought that question through; through to the Cross, through to the Eternities, which command and control the temporal "Now."

This is the kind of thinking, the kind which demands agony and passion, to which we are consecrated in 1952. This is the reality of the "Now." Much of that will be done in Lent in many churches and many lives is just "window dressing," a convention, a gesture, and a show. The reality is not in the window, but in the stock in the store. And the spiritual stock is thinking. Out-think Satan in the wilderness! Out-think the crooked and perverse mind! Put on the mind of Christ! Think as He thought!

It was said of Horace Bushnell by his fellow citizens in Hartford, that he gave them great thoughts of God. Those great thoughts of God, the everlasting Father, find their source in Jesus Christ our Lord. There we look for them in this Lent. There we find them. There we use them, lights to lighten our darkness, powers to overcome the powers of darkness.

This is the kind of thinking we need now in Lent 1952. Think with the mind of Christ and you come to the triumphs of Christ. This is the fact of history. Ask St. Paul and St. Columba. Think through to the end as Jesus thought, and then you, and not the crooked and perverse mind, will shape the destiny of the world.

This kind of thinking makes real worship. Most people think of worship as participating in "services," reading prayers, reading sermons, singing hymns. All this is good. But this is just window dressing. Think in this Lent, "Now," what the word "worship" really means. The word is really "worthship." "Worth," is the noun, the root of the matter. The suffix, the verb, means to shape. The word really means "shape your worth." And you shape your worth, your character, your true being, when you think in Christ, when you think like Christ.

In Christ your true worth is shaped and fashioned into the likeness of Christ. This is the message for Lent, "Now"!—to shape your lives, your world, into the true worth, which is the glory of God, revealed in Jesus Christ. What exaltations, what epiphanies, what triumphs, what benedictions, will come to those who think their way through Lent. These are they who having known real worship, can throw away their garments of heavi-

ness and put on the shining robes of Easter.

Hard thinking was not popular in the time of Jesus, and it is not popular now. Think this Lent with Jesus, and find what He thought about the hard heart, the shallow mind, the soul of a hypocrite, and the vain glory of this world. And don't fool yourself by thinking, that when you have used long words, and made a long essay, you have achieved hard thinking.

This "Now" is a great and terrible day in history. But if we use this Lent as Jesus used the 40 days, then we shall be such followers of the Lord, that men, in years to come looking back to these tumultuous times, will reckon it to be a glorious chapter in heroic history and count us to be Christians who were matched with their great hour.

Incline Your Ear

The Rev. Edward S. Guilbert

Clifton, Illinois

HOW well, when their minister is preaching, do congregations obey the injunction of the Book of Proverbs, "Attend to my words, incline your ear to my sayings . . . keep them fixed in your mind"? Of course this injunction has no reference to modern preaching but we may take the liberty (as we sometimes do with Biblical texts) of making that application of it.

In that estimable magazine, "The Woman's Home Companion" is a novel, "The Gown of Glory" by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. It is the story of the Reverend David Lyall who as a young man came with his bride to the pastorate of a small village church, expecting to remain about five years and then accept a call from a city church. He stayed twenty-five years.

"The people liked David . . . they sat, like so many more intellectual congregations, hearing the preacher vaguely through the gentle veil of their own private thoughts."

Who was it—Henry Ward Beecher or Phillips Brooks—who told his sexton: "When you see anybody asleep during the sermon, don't wake him up; come up and wake the preacher"?

* * *

The securing of the close attention of a congregation to what the preacher is saying depends upon many ethereal factors. It may depend to a large extent upon the preacher himself. It may depend to some extent on the congregation. It may depend upon the preacher's popularity and personality (two slippery terms). It may depend upon the study, thought, and preparation he gives to his sermons. No preacher, however he may have won pulpit distinction, can be "great" every Sunday. That would be asking too much even of Homer who is said to have nodded on occasion. I remember going as a young theological student to hear one of America's reputedly "great" preachers," and how disappointed I was. There was no fireworks of rhetoric, no pulpit eloquence. He spoke calmly and simply in a conversational tone. It was years later that I came to appreciate the qualities that made him "great."

St. Paul himself modestly disclaimed that he was an eloquent preacher. He gave those laurels to his friend Apollos. He had no elaborate words. His preaching did not rest on plausible rhetoric. "It was in weakness and fear and with great trembling that I visited you," he wrote to the Corinthian church. And I presume

that any young candidate for a church today could write the same words.

There is another imponderable factor that may be mentioned as conducive to a congregation's attention or lack of attention to a sermon, and that is—the janitor. Sometimes a janitor is innocently to blame for a dull congregation—or a dull preacher; when, in the winter, he overheats a church in his zeal to make the congregation and the preacher comfortable. Paradoxically his zeal may have the opposite effect. A minister friend of mine once wisely remarked that preachers were a dime a dozen but a good janitor was priceless. He was having trouble with his janitor.

We must give credit for sincerity to people who tell the preacher after service, "That was a fine sermon, we enjoyed it so much." Every preacher is glad that the congregation liked his sermon. And if he is a diplomat, he will reply to their compliments, "Thank you very much, your kind words encourage me." But he may wonder in his secret soul—and what mind he has left after his pulpit effort—if, on strict cross-examination, those people could remember anything he said.

"Our preacher has the gift of gab," I once heard a man say, thinking he was paying his preacher a fine compliment. Knowing the man as I did, I knew that he was quite a gabber himself and was measuring his preacher by his own ability in eloquence. That valuable aid to any preacher, "Roget's Thesaurus" defines the gift of gab as "declamatory, grandiloquent"—a style of speech much indulged in by high school freshmen in their debates but hardly suitable to the modern pulpit. It is the revelation of immaturity of thought. It is no compliment to any preacher to be known as having the gift of gab.

* * *

In his fine analysis of "The Heart of the Yale Lectures" Batsell Barrett Baxter speaks of the many different factors that enter into the relationship between a preacher and his congregation. He mentions the preacher himself—"the power of personality." The sermon itself—"elements of style and originality." He mentions the attitude of the preacher toward his calling, toward his audience—and especially "length of sermons" in this day when more and more congregations desire brief and to-the-point sermons. "The grand or oratorical style" which was distinctive of such preachers as Hillis and Gunsaulus who could hold an audience for an hour, has given way to "the moderate or more conversational style." In my opinion Dean-emeritus Charles Reynolds Brown of Yale Divinity School was one of the best examples of this style.

"In the Minister's Workshop" by Halford E. Luccock is a book that has helped me greatly in my own preaching—and—I imagine, many of my brother ministers could acknowledge their indebtedness to the book. For that is what a minister's study is—a workshop, not an ivory tower where he sits in philosophical contemplation. He brings into his workshop the material he has gathered in his rounds of pastoral visits; conversations with his parishioners; intimate glimpses into their hearts; the familiar things of everyday life . . . "What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan. . . the glance of the eye . . ." So spoke Emerson. And so Luccock has a chapter on "People As A Source of Sermons." And he says: "Jesus never seemed to be satisfied with less than a personal touch with those whom he wished to help. He did not stay upon a mountain receiving reports and issuing orders." How hard it is to get past the secretaries of some big city preachers, to come face to face with the man himself! The members of a congregation, large or small, are more than names in an index file; each name should come alive as a person, an individual, a living, breathing human being. I think that Jesus was fortunate in having only twelve members in his "church."

Had he had five-hundred, or a thou-

sand, the history of Christianity might have been different.

* * *

Will the editor graciously indulge me a personal word? The church which I have the privilege of serving at the present time is a small church with a fine history going back to 1859, the year of its founding. The congregation is of necessity small, but composed of folk of culture and character and good educational backgrounds who see to it that their children go to college even if it means the pinching of pennies. Out of their gracious hearts and rich Christian experience they have received me unto themselves and speak more kindly of my preaching than I suspect my preaching deserves.

It is a joyous privilege to be the minister of such people in this little town on the Illinois prairie—a town, tradition has it, once visited by Abraham Lincoln.

And, speaking of Lincoln, he attended camp-meetings in the Indiana backwoods of his youth and was interested in hearing sermons to which he generally gave his close attention. And then it was said of him, he would go home and repeat the sermon word for word. We are thus back to our question: how many in a modern congregation can do that?

KYRIELLE

The sunrise that we seldom see,
The shape of leaves upon a tree,
Our life upon this earth is fraught
With so much loveliness half caught.
The freedom that we never find,
The rare serenity of mind,
We look for things which can be bought,
With so much loveliness half caught.

The spirit that we little know,
That has the briefest time to grow,
We leave its great bequest unsought,
With so much loveliness half caught.

GOD OUR FATHER

Help me find God in everything
In winter snow and flowers of spring.
Help me find God in every place
Each work of art, each friendly face.
Help light each talent that is mine
That through my life His light may shine.

THY KINGDOM COME

The lonely child I meet
In school or on my street
Would like to be my friend.
I have a book to lend
To him and games to play.
Let me serve God this way.

THY WILL BE DONE

Show me the talents that are mine
Teach me to try to use each one.
For it is part of God's design
That when my daily work is done,
I can look up to Him and say,
"I did my very best today."

HFA

My Fifty Years in the Ministry

The Rev. Leon H. Austin

Pastor Emeritus of the Second Church at Coventry, Connecticut celebrated fifty years in the ministry with this very lovely "valedictory"

(John 21:22. Follow thou Me.)

WHAT I am saying this hour is with no thought of boasting or self-praise but in humility, setting forth the simple facts forever recorded in my memory and inscribed in the archives of the institutions I mention, and the churches Mrs. Austin and I served.

1. *Preparation*

It is a great heritage, a mighty asset, to have been well born. What of my heritage by virtue of my birthright? Not the city, with its teeming thousands, but the country with its wide open spaces and breezes from the hills of health and life-giving powers. Not a stately mansion, symbol of affluence, but a cottage home, modest in every way, but large enough for hearts that loved. Not white, unsoiled hands, but hands hard and often calloused by the work farmers in bygone days knew before the age of machinery was born, so that now a single machine can do more in one day than the hands and backs of fifty husky men could accomplish in the same time years ago. Not rich food and fine raiment, but clothes made in the home; barefoot in summer and copper-toed boots in the winter; food produced on the farm and prepared as only mother could do it; good things to eat, the like of which few know today and which cannot be purchased at any price. Like Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," of whose good fortune he sings:

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!"

Winter came with snow and sleighs and sleds and skates, with fishing and hunting in their seasons. Following winter, spring, summer, autumn came in God-given succession with seed time and ingathering; harvests to anticipate and meet all the needs and tests winter days could bring. Always, always, there were friends and neighbors helping one another to carry the burdens and meet the tests of life in a common community fellowship, now, for the most part, vanished to return no more.

Granted, the large centers of population have their place and do their work, and I would give unto them the full measure of all that is their due, while I rejoice that I was born in the country, in the good old Town of Coventy, honored name, in the State of Connecticut, illustrious among the forty-eight commonwealths constituting the best of all lands, the United States of America. The years came and went, powers unfolded, life's horizon broadened, boyhood was lost in young manhood and the great decision challenged me; viz., what vocation, what calling, will you give your life and its powers to?

* * *

One afternoon, in her home, my Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Jabez Kingsbury, of sainted memory, said, "Do you not think you should be a minister?" "No," I answered, "not a minister. I have no desire to be a minister. I have no means or opportunity of securing an

education fitting for the ministry. Some place in the business world for me."

She said no more, but her question, being God's call, would not down. "Do you not thing you should be a minister?" "Do you not think you should be a minister?" So her question rang in my ears and knocked at the door of my heart. A few weeks later, returning from the Sunday evening Christian Endeavor meeting, I came to the part of the road a few rods west of my home; my feet were stayed and I looked up into a cloudless sky. The moon was shining brightly, the stars studded the heavens with glory, the silence of eternity seemed to enfold me, and a voice said, "You are to be My minister, follow thou Me." "Dear Lord," I said, "do you mean I am to be a minister of the Gospel?" "Yes, My servant in the ministry of My Gospel." That moment the supreme decision of my life was made and looking up to those starlit heavens I said, "Blessed Jesus, if you wish me to be your minister, a minister of the Gospel, I will." Why do we look up to the glory-crowned heavens in moments like that? Why? Because the hero within us, the divinest in our soul, always looks up when God is calling and we respond to the highest we know.

From that hour I never questioned, never hesitated, never feared. I took my bank account of $100 and my faith and went up to Monson Academy, Monson, Massachusetts, and asked if I could enter there. It was just before Christmas and the school year was half through. They told me, "You could not make it now. Come back at the beginning of the Academy year next September." However, they gave me two Latin books and said, "Go home, see what you can do the next two weeks and report when the Academy opens in January." I came home. I studied day and night for two weeks. My pastor, Rev. Henry Hoisington, helped me. I went back and made it with the best of them.

I went to Amherst College with only enough to pay my tuition for one year. "You cannot make it; you cannot make it," some said, but I did.

I went to The Hartford Theological Seminary with just a few dollars for the three years. "Can you make it? Can you make it?" some asked. I did.

* * *

I sometimes stand and look at those three diplomas and say to myself, "With a little less work I could have done better." Milking seven to nine cows morning and night with other work, for one half year, was not the best preparation for study. Being janitor of the Academy for one whole year took something from my scholarship. Running the College Book Store with my classmate, Edward S. Eveleth, senior year, may have meant the difference between the Cum Laude I received for my four years in college and a Magna Cum Laude I might have made. The load was easier in the Seminary and I received a B.D., the highest we could make without graduate study.

Diplomas may or may not mean much to most people. They look at them as they look at mine, but hardly ever remark about them or ask a question. Those diplomas speak to me of 11½ years which seemed then, and do now in memory, as Jacob said in that long ago, waiting for the one he loved, "But a few days for the love he had to her." So the passion of my soul, as with myriads of others, carried me on to the goal of my high calling in Christ Jesus, the Gospel Ministry.

2. *Service*

   a. *Forty years of full-time service.*
   b. Ten years of supply work.

In January, 1901, four months before graduation from the Seminary, I was invited to preach in the Washington Street Congregational Church, Quincy, Massachusetts. After another visit I was extended a call to become pastor of this church. This call I accepted and immediately after graduation from the Seminary entered upon my work there.

I was ordained and installed, by an Ecclesiastical Council, in the Washington Street Congregational Church, Quincy, Massachusetts, October 23, 1901. So officially began my fifty years in the Christian Ministry. Their regular church program called for three preaching services every Sunday, two at the Point Church and one at the Sailors' Snug Harbor across the bay reached by a boat manned by one or two of the old sailors. In addition, a class in the Sunday School, Christian Endeavor before the evening service, a midweek prayer meeting, pastorial calling, and other ministerial service filled out the program. It seemed an adequate, full-time program. I never questioned it but did my best to measure up to it.

For long years Quincy Point had been a quiet, beautiful residential section of Quincy, with only a few small businesses by the water's edge. During my pastorate the great change began with the opening of a shipyard destined to become one of the largest in our land, with thousands of workmen turning out cruisers and battleships for our Government. The fine, old residences disappeared or were changed into boarding houses. Streets ran in every direction, filled with modest homes. Main Street was lined with stores and shops of every description as the transformation took place. About two years ago the little church was moved a few blocks and made a small part of a $120,000 church edifice. I had only a very small part in the great expansion and, of course, nothing at all with the building of the great church plant there today. However, when I went there, the little church was under the sustaining wing of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society. In two years it became self-supporting and I can truthfully say I faithfully lived up to the challenge dear, good, old Dr. Norton, p. em, of our Bethany Congregational Church there in Quincy gave me in his charge the hour I was ordained, when he said, "Be the most vital force you can in touching all life for good."

* * *

In the fall of 1906 we began our ministry with the Roslindale Congregational Church of Boston, Massachusetts. What a field in which to labor! What a people with whom to work! What a church in the making! What Sunday services! What ingatherings into the membership! What courage! (What courage!) What vision! What resourcefulness! What faith! What wholehearted consecration! No task too great! No load too heavy! No need that could not be met! No problem that could not be solved! No challenge that could not be successfully met for the Christ and our church! All the work of the church moved steadily and successfully forward and ever forward. One hundred and five went from our church and congregation into the First World War. I volunteered as a chaplain. They would not accept me as I was one year too old by their standard and they would not lower it for me. I volunteered to go in any capacity they would accept me. The said, "Work through your own church; you have a greater opportunity there than any we can give you." This I did and received a citation from the Government for outstanding service through the church. In this pastorate Harold Jones, one of the outstanding Congregational ministers in our country, decided for the ministry and began his preparation for the same.

The men of the church were magnificent, the ladies were always splendid, the young people a perpetual inspiration! They never failed us. They were always a challenge to us to do our very best. They gave me more than I could ever give them. They made me what I became, whatever that was, and I was certainly immeasurably greater mentally and spiritually at the end of those twelve years than when I came to them. Their spirit lives in the Roslindale Church, giving it and its minister now, thirty-three years

since our time, to render a magnificent service under conditions most difficult, and to be increasingly so through years to come.

Have you ever thought of what a church can do with and for and to its minister? It can make him or break him. Frederick K. Stamm tells how Dr. Cadman, one of the great preachers of yesterday, with tears in his eyes, said to him, "Fred, what can be done with a vanishing congregation? They love me, they do not love the church, they do not come to its services." A great heart breaking as he thought of—and Sundays looked at—empty pews. Like the Christ as He lamented over Jerusalem saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together and ye would not." I know there are some "onery" ministers, most difficult to get along with, but I believe, for the most part, any church, every church, can lift its minister to the height of his powers, actual and possible, or cast him down to the depths of despair, and that is what it does do. It is not enough to love the minister. There must be such a love for the church as shall bind hearts and lives to it in Christ Jesus and give them to meet its every need, and an absentee congregation can never do that.

* * *

Certain, never-to-be-forgotten experiences come to the minister in his fields of labor, some happy, some quite the opposite. I mention two, out of many, during our work in Roslindale, naturally both happy ones. The first had to do with the attitude and spirit our Roslindale churches displayed towards one another. Rev. Mr. Carr, pastor of the Baptist Church, came to me and said, "I am leaving the pastorate of my church here for another field of labor. I know you have more than you can do in your own work, but I have here a list of our sick and shut-ins whom, I sincerely hope, and our church earnestly desires, you will minister to, in every way possible, until we get another minister." I was happy to do this and have always held their desire and request a great compliment to the spirit animating both churches in our common service for the Master.

The second experience had to do with a great Thanksgiving service by the Odd Fellow Lodges of greater Boston. Eight thousand Odd Fellows marched in a colorful parade. Thirty-three hundred crowded into Tremont Baptist Temple, jamming it to the doors. The officers of the Grand Lodge were there and visitors from near and far. I gave the address. Never shall I forget the great organ pealing out its wonderful music; the forty stands of colors carried down the center aisle and placed against the pulpit platform; the brothers in their regalia and those of the Canton in uniforms resplendent as burnished gold; the intent and eager faces; the thunderous applause when I finished the address and the aftermath for days to come.

The doctor called for a change from Boston climate to a milder one for Mrs. Austin. The day before Christmas, 1918, we left Roslindale on our way to Seeley, in Imperial Valley, Southern California. We were to serve the Southern California Congregational Conference and going to Seeley because of its climate, and, if possible, gather a congregation and build a church there. Others had failed; would we? They met us at the station with fear and trembling thinking, as they told us, they would find the minister from Boston wearing kid gloves, a tall hat, with a cane in his hand. An impossible, for a place like Seeley. He never appeared; only a humble human.

Two years passed and on the desert sands, the sport of winds for unknown ages, an appealing and adequate church building stood, erected by the cooperation and free gifts of the people in that section of the valley; all the Protestants and most of the Catholics sharing in our venture. Fourteen denominations were represented in our services. The basement of the church was intended for

and proved to be a fine meeting place for community enterprises and the central place for sixty boy scouts, the largest number in any community in the whole valley. I was invited to tell the story of our success in Seeley before the National Council meeting in Los Angeles, which I was proud to do.

* * *

Health and strength restored, we went to Vernon Avenue Congregational Church in Los Angeles, a church with a fine record through many years, but needing fresh and vigorous leadership. The church had never put on an Every Member Canvass. They paid their way, gave to missions and other good causes, and thought they were doing fine. When they came to the annual meetings of the church, if the bills were all paid, it was well. If a deficit faced them, they put their hands in their pockets and liquidated it then and there. Then they sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" and went on into another year of service. Now the church needed added funds, so we put on the Every Member Canvass with, to them, astonishing results the very first try. $1100 instead of $500 for missions, and the same proportion of increase for current expenses, repairs, etc. Yes, a real canvass makes a mighty difference.

We repaired the church outside and in; made the parsonage entirely modern; made an out-of-door gymnasium for the young of our church and for hundreds of other children in the community. All departments of the church moved upward and onward, and then, after two years, the inevitable happened, as so often it does in that section of the West. Thousands of our colored brethren swarmed into that section of the city. They bought up every available house or bit of land for building, for business, etc. Theirs was a waxing, ours a waning struggle. In a most friendly and cooperative way they took over our church property for a good work under their fine minister and our church moved to Western Knolls, a new section of Los Angeles, where it has greatly prospered. Mrs. Austin and I moved on to the other side of Los Angeles and settled down to the task of building a new church in Burbank, in one of the finest subdivisions in Southern California.

* * *

Here we spent seven happy, busy years. When we went to Burbank in 1923, it was a thriving center of life with six thousand population. When we left, it numbered nearly twenty thousand. Today eighty thousand live within its limits, perhaps even one hundred thousand with the war plants in maximum operation. The schools, the churches, the service clubs, the patriotic, fraternal and civic organizations claimed our services in addition to our own work. We never missed serving election days—city, state, and national. The State Board of Education gave me a special permit to lecture in the High School. The city created a Library Board and I was its chairman for five years, until we left Burbank. The Rotary Club made me a member and its first sky-pilot. We became a vital, living part of the city during these years. The State Conference selected me as assistant moderator for one year, the usual length of service. For ten years I was a director of the Conference and Dr. Kenngott took me with him to most parts of Southern California to help him in the selection of places and sites for new churches, or to help solve situations which had arisen in churches already established.

In Burbank Mrs. Austin was honored by being welcomed into the P.E.O., a non-sectarian organization of fine, Christian women. There are numerous P.E.O. chapters throughout the West but few here in the East. Their great work is in helping needy and worthy young women secure a fine Christian education. She wore the P.E.O. pin for more than twenty years and returned it to them a short time before her passing, and they

inscribed her name as one who had joined the P.E.O. Chapter Eternal.

Midway in our Burbank work Dr. Kenngott came to our home and said to us, "How would you like to go to a university church in Oregon?" We questioned about conditions, especially the weather, which at the first had brought us to Southern California's mild climate. When we found there would be more rain, fog, and dampness in Oregon, we decided to remain in Southern California. "Well," said Dr. Kenngott, "as long as I am State Superintendent you will always have a church." Meaning, I suppose, we would always be trying to establish or build up churches for the Southern California Congregational Conference. I sometimes wonder what our future would have been had we gone to Oregon. In Burbank we organized a church with all departments. We built an $8000 parsonage. We outgrew the generous quarters the officers of the subdivision provided for us and went to larger ones in the High School. We erected the first unit of a $100,000 church plant and the great depression came, sweeping the whole country. Everything was at a standstill. The subdivision fell into litigation, which lasted for years. The church survived but our work in Burbank was over and we came back to Connecticut for a few weeks' vacation.

* * *

During our twelve years in Southern California we spent two summers, of three months each, in Big Bear Valley, in the San Bernardino Mountains, at Pine Knot, two miles above the level of the sea. The valley had fifty camps, some with few, some with many cabins, where large numbers found rest and recreation during summer weeks. Our denomination took over the work there on condition that Mrs. Austin and myself would take charge of it. It proved a most successful venture, more than paying its own way from the very beginning. Often the church could not hold the numbers that came for the services and from two to three hundred came to the religious and social gatherings held Wednesday evening of each week. From this beginning the work has gone forward until today, with oiled mountain roads, winter activities, etc., they have a church with a substantial resident membership, a regular pastor, and a new church building erected at a cost of $32,000. We never spent two more happy and successful summers than the two in Big Bear Valley among the pines, the camps, and the eternal hills, where hundreds of hearts and lives responded to the glories and the challenge of the Infinite.

Back from California and preaching, during our vacation in Connecticut and Roslindale, Massachusetts brought three opportunities to take up work again in the old Bay State. We did not seriously consider these because we were desirous of going back to the West coast and had decided to do so. At that time, Mr. Atwood, the pastor of this church, concluded his work here and the church kindly invited me to take his place. We could not accept the call for we were sure we were about to start back to Southern California. They urged me to preach a few Sundays. I did and kept on preaching here for ten years and then, wearied by the strenuous labors of forty years, we came to our little cottage home, which we had built within a few rods of the spot where I heard the call of the Christ to follow Him as His minsiter, and we settled down to a less exacting life.

* * *

(Very much to the Editor's regret, keeping THE QUARTERLY to its appointed page length has necessitated continuing Dr. Austin's delightful autobiography in our May issue. This will give our readers something eagerly to anticipate.)

John the Golden – Mouthed:

A Glimpse At Some Ageless Techniques of Great Preaching

The Rev. Wallace Winchell

Royal Oak, Michigan

JOHN Chrysostom (347-407 A.D.) remains a king of the Christian pulpit through all time. "Chrysostom", the "Golden-Mouthed", is the name which the ages have acclaimed him. It was applied to him just after his death in grateful tribute by his contemporaries, and it has been his designation ever since. Schooled in the canons of classic oratory, Chrysostom developed his skills around those fundamentals of good public speaking which are valid in any age, language, culture. An examination of great preaching, such as that of Chrysostom, reminds the modern preacher of two things: the royal heritage in which one stands whenever he mounts the pulpit; the need of re-acquainting oneself with the classic canons of rhetoric, and building and testing one's own sermons with their help.

Chrysostom Himself

When he appeared on the stage of history, the turbulent years of repeated persecutions had become triumphant years for the early Christian Church. Spiritual hungers ran deep in the Graeco-Roman world. So recent were the heroic sufferings of the martyrs, so glittering with the morning dew of its beginnings was the Christian Church, it was still fairly free of the withering process of hierachical stultification which grew as a blight as the see at Rome gained more and more centralized power.

Born in Antioch, the capital of Syria, the boy who was to become the golden orator benefited from two able mentors —his mother, Anthusa, from whom he caught the spirit of profound devotion and Christly love; and Libanius (314-395 A.D.) foremost rhetorician of the time, a biographer of Demosthenes and a friend of Julian the Apostate. From Libanius his teacher, he learned to follow on that bright trail marked out by the pioneer speech-craftsmen — Isocrates, Aristotle, Quintilian, Longinus. Like Paul and Apollos, master-rhetoricians in their own right, John found in the classic principles of noble oratory.

> "The old-time eloquence that transformed Men into heroes. . .",

the ready-at-hand tools of persuasion and effectiveness with which to spread the New Evangel.

After many spiritual struggles which go into the making of all young men of high character, he was baptized by Meletius at the age of 23. Ordained as a lector, he began his public ministry, being permitted to read the Scriptures in the church but not to expound them. But other ordinations followed: as deacon, in 380 or 381; as presbyter in 386; and whenever he ascended the pulpit to preach, the great church in Antioch was always crowded by eager listeners, so much so that he frequently had to warn the people against pick-pockets.

He was a true pastor, ministering strength in time of distress. When Theodosius vowed to obliterate Antioch because of mob destruction of imperial statues occasioned by oppressive taxation, John stood like a rock unshaken by the dashings of surf and tide. His sermons became the rallying-cry of the people. Whenever they ended, storms of applause

broke out, although the preacher did not favor this. Against his wishes, he was elevated to the Episcopate of Constantinople in 398 A.D. As Archbishop, he preached in the mighty St. Sophia church, and for a time, his sun stood at the height of noon. Soon it was eclipsed by the schemings of a certain jealous prelate, Theophilus, and the Jezebel, wife of the weak eastern emperor Arcadius—Empress Eudoxia. She hated the forthright preaching of the man, which struck at her court intrigues and gross immoralities like the jagged lightnings round Sinai. When John journeyed to Ephesus to depose six bishops guilty of simony, Eudoxia seized advantage of his absence to accomplish her ends. Ecclesiastical chicanery, which in succeeding centuries became the *modus operandi* of the hierarchy was her willing conspirator. Still exerting enormous influence even in exile, he died on a forced march into more remote banishment in 407 A.D. Canto XII of Dante's Paradiso enshrines him among the Blessed, "the soldierly of Christ". John remains though the lapse of milleniums an example of "the good man speaking well," the classic concept of a great orator.

Chrysostom on Preaching

That John the Golden-Mouthed was familiar with the canons of rhetoric from Isocrates on is evident not only in his extant sermons with their mastery of form and style, but in his own comments on what a preacher should be and do. Contrary to the impression created by some biographical material that he either prepared his sermons only slightly or not at all, Chrysostom himself advocates "the expenditure of great labor upon the preparation of discourse to be delivered in public." His own productions bear the stamp of painstaking care. A preacher he said, should have loftiness of mind and be indifferent to the praise of men. He should also be indifferent to slander and envy. He should be above the pettiness of the small-minded who "repeat at random everything which comes in their way without any regard to the truth of it." "But if when we do all this, they who blame us will not be persuaded, then we should henceforward give them no concern." "For despondency and constant cares are mighty for destroying the powers of the mind, and reducing them to extreme weakness."

Even if a preacher does attain by study a high level of performance, his accomplished standards will forsake him if he does not "cultivate his power by constant application and exercise." Perpetual labor is required, for unless the preacher is "constantly producing matter beyond the reputation in which all hold him, great censure attends on all hands. . . No one takes into account consideration about him, that dejection and pain and anxiety, and often anger, may step in and dim the clearness of his thoughts and prevent his productions from coming from him unalloyed." . . . "For thus are many constantly springing up against him, in a vain and senseless spirit, and having no fault to find with him; but that he is generally approved of, hate him, and he must bear their bitter malice nobly . . . Some do this through ignorance alone . . . some through ignorance and envy." In spite of all its heartaches, preaching challenges the best in a man. "Dost thou not know what a passion for sermons has burst in upon the minds of Christians now-a-days?" he asks. Such a passion may not always be apparent as generations come and go, but the basic intellectual and spiritual hungers of mankind remain unfed unless the tradition of great preaching is maintained from one generation to the next.

Chrysostom's Style As A Preacher

Like the flash of a sword, like the stroke of a thunderbolt, taught Quintilian, is the canon of *ornament* in style, the working over of the material until the best word arrangement and word selection are made. Artistic alteration of words and phrases give color and edge to

one's style. Listeners think in images, and the more artfully and boldly a preacher paints these swift word-pictures, the more listenable will he become. Use of imagery as well as illustration is not for the sake of prettiness, but rather for the reaching of hearers on their level of understanding so that the purpose of the sermon may be attained. There is a flame-like quality about Chrysostom's figures of speech, reminding one of Shelley's radiant lines. Note this passage in a homily addressed to young Catechumens:

> "As therefore anyone who takes and recasts a golden statue which had become tarnished with time, smoke, dust, rust, restores it to us thoroughly cleaned and glistening, so too this nature of ours, rusted with rust of sin, and having gathered much smoke from our faults and having lost its beauty which He had from the beginning bestowed upon it from Himself, God has taken and cast it anew, and throwing it into the waters as into a mould, and instead of fire, sending forth the grace of the Spirit, then brings us forth with much brightness, renewed and made afresh, to rival the beams of the sun, having crushed the old man and having fashioned the new man, more brilliant than the former. . ."

Observe the repeated use of words suggestive of light. They build up a flashing effect, and carry across the point about the new nature which is born at baptism.

Like the prophets and psalmists, and like the poets and orators of purest worth in every land and language, Chrysostom evidences a love for nature and a wide-ranging knowledge of her secrets and laws. Could the mystic change from winter to spring, summer to autumn, be phrased more gracefully than in these words?—

> "Who can describe the perfect order of the seasons; and how these, like some virgins dancing in a circle, succeed one another with the happiest harmony; and how those who are in the middle cease not to pass over to the opposite ones with a gradual and noiseless transition?"

Love for beauty of earth, her woodlands and waters, her sun-bright meadows and star-bright midnights, leaf and bird and breaking wave, such love expressed in words that sing and shine—such love is a strong, impassioned vehicle to convey spiritual truth. Chrysostom's nature-references are always informed by a close and accurate observation of detail. Just as Shakespeare, for instance, does not vaguely say "weeds", but names them precisely—

> "Crowned with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
> With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
> Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our sustaining corn. . ."
>
> (King Lear, Act IV, Sc. III)

so this Shakespeare of ancient homiletics ever gives the graphic detail, the telling word.

An element of surprise is in his imagery, yet a complete absence of the grotesque. Always his strokes are sure and clean as the touch of Phidias on the marble of the Parthenon. Examine this metaphor:

> "So also it is our business to act and by the plough of tribulation to break up the depth of the heart."

At times the piling up of metaphors, complementing one another, gives the effect comparable to a crescendo in music:

> "The Cross is the impregnable wall, the invulnerable shield, the defense of those who are exposed to snares, an armor of those who are attacked, the means of suppressing passion, and of acquiring virtue—the wonderful and marvellous sign."

Now and then his figure of speech may take on the nature of an unforgettable epigram:

> "Prayer is a strong piece of armor and a great security."

Chrysostom's Mastery of Rhetorical Structure

How varied is this master-preacher's use of majestically-constructed periods! The living voice, and the lighted face, they can almost be recaptured in a passage such as this:

> "His [God's] essence was pure and imperishable. His nature was incorruptible, invisible, incomprehensible, eternal, unchangeable, transcending the nature of angels, higher than the powers above, overpowering reason, surpassing thought, apprehended not by sight, but by faith alone. Angels behold him and trembled; the Cherubim veiled themselves with their wings, in awe. He looked upon the earth, and caused it to tremble: He threatened the sea and dried it up; He brought rivers out of the desert; He weighed the mountains in scales and the valleys in a balance." "His greatness hath no bounds, His wisdom is beyond reckoning, His judgments are untraceable, His ways unsearchable." I am a human being and I speak in the human language; my tongue is of earth and I crave forgiveness from my Lord . . . Be merciful to me, O Lord, for I utter these words not in presumption but because I have no others."

When one is dealing with a sublime theme such as the greatness of God, mounting rhythms and long, reverberating measures are best.

To the expensive, lifting quality of his periods should be added dexterity of balance and contrast; abundant use is made of the rhetorical question. Hearts are searched to their depths, as when Chrysostom uses this device to incite a sense of contrition:

> "For in order that thou mayest wear one pearl drop, countless poor people are pinched with hunger: what excuse wilt thou hit upon? what pardon?"

Like some deft mason who selects the right stone to place in the arch, so this builder of sermonic grandeur fits together his rhythms and pauses, his figures of thought and speech, his shapely sentences and ascending periods. Here is mastery of rhetorical structure, timeless in its craftsmanship, which the Christian preacher of today can emulate. Modern materials, relevant to the needs of people living in 1951, still must be worked over and over, prior to public delivery, to gain the maximum effectiveness in the way of persuasion, teaching power, and the carrying across to the hearers the purpose of the sermon.

Chrysostom and the Sermon As A Whole

The preacher must always think of the total sermon. Is there one all-commanding goal which he can reasonably accomplish with his congregation in that particular sermon? Unless the purpose is clear to him, it will not be clear to the congregation. Has he phrased his objective, or main argument, in an appealing, memorable theme-statement? Has he supported it with several main heads, each well-illustrated and contributing its share to the accomplishment of the sermon's goal? To use the threefold test, made immemorial by English composition teachers and rhetoricians, does his sermon have Unity, Coherence, and Emphasis?

Unless a minister considers these things, his mouth may be gilded, but never golden; his congregation may be pounded at, but never taught. Chrysostom was a teacher-preacher, and it is the teaching church that will command an influence in the world today. We can pick up a few practical tips from the Golden-Mouthed on how the parts of a sermon contribute to the whole:

Exordium—Direct approach is made to the hearers on their level of need. Warmness of attitude from the first word on is apparent in Chrysostom's introductions. No wonder he won the love of the people! A placing of himself within the minds and feelings of his congregation, together with a leading up to the purpose of the

sermon characterize the exordium as employed by him:

> "Blessed be God! who hath comforted your sorrowing souls, and stayed your agitated spirits! . . . I see you are attending to us with much good will, and with an intense earnestness; and that you have shaken off gloomy thoughts, and put aside the sense of present distress, in your affectionate desire to listening. (Exordium progresses step by step toward main idea of the sermon, showing how "the bond of love knits the members close to one another" in the church and gives mutual strength during the current tribulations of imperial reprisals against the city of Antioch.)

In another homily, the exordium leads up to the idea of the comfort of the church by showing how contentious the outside world is. "Rulers fight; priests console." The figure of both the healing physician and the consoling mother give the sense of divine peace, blessing, and refuge as the sermon begins.

Clear Statement of Purpose—Never are the listeners left in doubt as to the specific subject under consideration. Direct naming of the subject, use of Biblical texts, constant referral to the topic,—these are ways by which the purpose is ever kept before the congregation:

> "This today has been read to you; yesterday the sermon was about prayer; and today again there is a demonstration of the power of prayer."

Development of Theme—A sermon of Chrysostom's on human dignity demonstrates his skill in the unfolding of the purpose with skill of illustration and with movement that keeps the sermon marching toward its objective.

"Tell me not of man, fallen, degraded and condemned!" he cries at the start. Such theology places him above the gray pessimism of many moderns as well as ancients.

To show how exalted is the place of man in God's creation, he points out, member by member, the incredible mystery and wonder of the physical body. Out of clay, the substance from which brick and tile are made, the Supreme Artist formed and fashioned the eye which "can at once survey the high aerial expanse and by the aid of a small pupil embrace the mountains, forests, hills, the ocean, yea, the heaven, by so small a thing! . . . and how while it ranges over such an expanse, it experiences no weariness or distress." The hairs of the eyelids protect that far-ranging member as corn silk and blades protect the ear of corn. The eyebrows are as the eaves of a house, lending loveliness and additional protection.

The brain, Chrysostom shows, is covered by hardness of bones to protect it from injuries, yet the sutures save the whole structure from collapse should a blow be struck. The "fountain of all senses", the brain itself is soft and responsive, even as the heart which in turn is "fenced about with stiff and hard bones." Even the fingernails excite the preacher's wonder. The ox has his horns, the wild boar his tusks. But man has reason, and is not compelled to carry around his weapons with him.

With what crowning artistry Chrysostom concludes his picture of the greatness of man:

> "Again, the eagle has a light pinion. But if thou wouldst see my pinion, too, I have one much lighter than he; one which can soar, not merely ten or twenty stadia, or even as high as heaven, but above heaven itself, and above the heaven of heavens, even to where 'Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.'"

The soul is the consummate fact in man, and life's business is the making of man, the growth and development of the soul.

The Peroration—"Conclusio" as an established part or public speech came into Chrysostom's hands from the luminaries of classic oratory, and like other elements of rhetoric, he converted it to the Christian cause. In his hands, the peroration gains in aesthetic value be-

cause it sums up, not the dainty niceties of sophism, but (to borrow a phrase of Thomas Jefferson's) "the elegance of sober and rational life." To art is added moral power. Chrysostom's work reminds us that every sermon must "get somewhere," and the peroration is the summing up, the final driving home of the purpose the preacher can reasonably expect to accomplish in his sermon—the carrying forward of the congregation's understanding of some great religious truth; the creating of some new insight into nobler living; the expanding of new horizons of Christian responsibility; the giving of sorely-needed assurance; the opening up of closer access to the Divine Strength-Giver and His healing forgiveness;—in short, whatever the sermon's purpose may be. Without some kind of peroration, any sermon dangles loosely between earth and heaven; but a good peroration will help to join earth and heaven together.

Great Preaching Today

Preaching leads to faith, said Augustine, and if that is so, then faithless is the age which lacks great preaching. Christain preaching such as John Chrysostom's is a sign and a sacrament—a sign of faith and courage, and a saving sacrament for men and nations. Wise is the minister who takes a few practical hints from a master like Chrysostom! These ageless techniques belong as much to us as they belonged to the Golden-Mouthed. They point toward the attainable in this our age.

The Director of The Department of The Ministry Reporting.

The Rev. Fred S. Buschmeyer

New York

BRETHREN, let me confess that I feel just a little uneasy about putting down that address, New York; for while that is still the office address for the Department of the Ministry my date book tells me that I have spent only about ninety days in the office during the last year. The same source also tells me that my pastoral duties have carried me over some forty thousand miles around this country during the rest of those days.

* * *

The Editor keeps reminding me that it is not quite fair for me to make all these interesting contacts with men (and women) of our ministry all around the country and not share some of the insights gained with the rest of the brethren. My chief excuse for staying away from my typewriter so long is that having seen at least four or five hundred of you in one connection or another you have already been subjected to my enthusiasm for what I think we can accomplish—and in some small ways are already beginning to accomplish—as a cooperative Christian fellowship. There is very little need for the Commission or the Director to "initiate" many programs or meetings. There simply aren't enough hours, days, weeks, and months in the year to develop, or respond to all the suggestions and calls for assistance that come to us. Let me recount just a few items of interest.

* * *

Many of you probably have heard of

the Handbook of the Department of the Ministry that has been called for from many ministers and superintendents, having to do with one phase or another of our professional standards and relationships. We have been gathering materials and suggestions from Conference Committees on the Ministry for over two years, and since last spring have been laboring to put the best that has been achieved in various parts of the country into such shape that it could be shared with all the rest of us. The preliminary manuscript has gone through three revisions and expansions already; has been studied word by word by the active members of the Commission, and by several Conference Committees on the Ministry; and we expect will be ready for distribution for study among all Conference Committees on the Ministry this spring. It is our present hope that with all these studied reactions to guide us we can make a still further refined Handbook the subject of discussion (and whatever action is deemed wise) by a Seminar on the Ministry at the Claremont meeting of the General Council in June. One of the primary aims of the Handbook is to provide for seminarians, and men transferring into our ministry from other denominations, a reasonably clear and comprehensive picture of how we function at our best as a ministerial fellowship.

* * *

Work had hardly started on this Handbook for the Ministry when the Commission received a formal request from some of our Congregational Christian Directors of Christian Education asking if the Commission would appoint a committee to work with them in trying to develop definitions of functions, status, recommended training, etc., for workers in this field, so that both churches and professional workers could proceed with more dignity and effectiveness. Two all-day work sessions have resulted in really amazing progress—but all agree that just a beginning has been made in a very important field.

* * *

With over one hundred of our ministers now serving as Chaplains with the Armed Forces of our country, and with many denominations now designating one man to serve full time in meeting the needs of these men for pastoral connection with their denominational fellowship, I have been attempting to call on all our Chaplains located in the United States, at least, before General Council time next spring. It has been a great joy to represent "the fellowship" in these individual and group calls that have reached thus far from Boston, Mass., to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and as far west as Scott Field, Illinois. By the time this word reaches you I trust that all of our Chaplains from Pensacola, Florida, to central Texas will have met at Barksdale Field in Louisiana, where Tunis Cordill plans to be our host. I wish I had the time or space to tell you some of the things I have learned about pastoral opportunities in the chaplaincy during the course of these visits. Suffice it to say that many chaplain-ministers are finding that they carry on larger and more effective full-orbed parish programs under Armed Forces auspices than they did in good sized churches at home. Most of us would be surprised at the large family contingents that surround many of our Forts, Bases and Fields. I can report with genuine and justifiable pride that everywhere I go I hear our chaplains spoken of in highest terms by commanding officers, by fellow chaplains, and by Service personnel.

Concerning Literary Craftsmanship and Minor Matters

The Editor

ONE of the privileges of an editor, especially under the generous supervision of Dr. Buchmeyer, is a certain freedom, which should be carefully watched, to get into print in his publication material which other editors have not found it convenient to use in theirs. Robertson Nicoll, sometime editor of the British Weekly, used to avail himself of this privilege generously. When he had printed all that he wanted to, under his own name, he assumed an alias and printed more. The substance of what follows is an unpublished chapter, much abbreviated, of a possible book on preaching, written with many interruptions, after the editor stopped being a teacher of homiletics. The manuscript must have reflected the conditions under which it was written, the most crucial being that it should have been written much sooner, or not at all.

* * *

It has long been recognized that Christian preaching is an integration of two creative sources; Hebrew prophecy and Greek rhetoric. The prophet was the Forth-Teller for God, having no instrument but the living, spoken word. The rhetorician sought to make of any spoken-word a disciplined creation of art, beauty, truth and power.

The debt of Christian preaching to Greek rhetoric has been much studied and there is an ample literature. If any preacher reading this is able to get a copy of Owst's "MEDIEVAL PREACHING", he will be able to trace the whole long process for himself and be assured also of a season of most delightful reading. The editor in his studies went back to Aristotle and in general the history of Greek rhetoric. In the end he found Sir Robert Grierson's "RHETORIC IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION" so purely a delight to read, and so illuminating, none forbidding, here is some brief digest of it with comments and excursions.

* * *

There is some reason for believing that a fine literary craftsmanship in preaching is not receiving the attention it should. The theological schools naturally assume their students to have been well grounded in the art of English composition in college, a somewhat dubious assumption, since the disciplines which have trained the finest speakers in the English language have almost disappeared from our college courses. We have also lost perhaps the conception of the sermon as an end in itself, with consequent losses and gains. Also, an unwritten streamlined sermon does not easily lend itself to literary craftsmanship. There the creative control must be in the essential wealth and discipline of the preacher's mind, a wealth and discipline not easy to gain. But something of great value will have gone from preaching if it ceases to be one of the finest and most difficult of all the arts, for preaching really combines them all.

* * *

For no matter whether he writes or goes into the pulpit with or without notes, a preacher begins, continues and ends with words. Without meaningful order,

words are like wind-blown pages of the dictionary. But without words! No wonder that Cicero calls the right choice of words "The Fountainhead of Eloquence."* They are bridges or barriers—the messengers of thought—winged or leaden. Their origins are veiled in mystery. Their meanings are both constant and fluid. They are subject to laws of their own and are, upon occasion, the most lawless things in the world.

The preacher's first use of them is to have them say clearly and accurately as possible what he has in mind to say. But this over-simplifies the whole enigmatic process of getting what one has in mind to say into proper words. "I know what I want to say, but I can't find the words," is not altogether an alibi. It may be the secret of the evolution of language, the primary urge which made unpracticed lips articulate. The inner stress which struggled for vocal form was most likely emotional, and out of such travail words were born and they still are. In the main, we begin by "feeling" an idea and sermons are no exception.

Words have always been vested with some magic power. The right word gave one who possessed it the power to enthrall, to emancipate, to transform. Spells have always been cast by words. Young children still feel the magic of words and this first use of them is attendant by wonder. For the most part, we have lost both the reverence for and the fear of words, but there have been periods in the history of the great literatures, language being still fluid, in which writers seemed to exult in their adventures with words and handle them as an aviator handles a plane.

Grierson says that words, like birds, have three properties, "body or meaning, color, and music" and that for literary purposes the meaning is often the least important, though certainly not for the preacher, for whom meaning should be fundamental. Most of his words are the every-day words in common circulation. Nevertheless, a page from Fosdick's sermon, "Belief in Christ" and an editorial in the *Boston Herald* (September 24, 1947) on "The Crisis in Books"—which is itself a sort of sermon—are both admirably written but in different ways difficult to define. The preacher and the editor both use familiar words but because they are not writing about the same thing, their words demand different understanding. In a preacher's vocabulary, more words need to be defined by experience than in an editor's vocabulary—at least by a different kind of experience. What one may call subjective shading is ones outstanding quality of a preacher's use of words.

The paradox of preaching is that a preacher uses so many familiar words neither he nor the dictionary can define: "life" and "love" and "goodness," soul, "spirit", "time" and eternity." For a definition is a fence, and great words do not love a wall. Their power is in their wealth of suggestion, the echoes they evoke in those who hear them, and their overtones. And there are dimensions in the great words of the spiritual life which are as impossible to capture and precisely fix as the cloud shadows.

The poets have always had a way with words by a kind of divine right, their office being, among other things, to invest words with their pristine magic and leave them to the rest of us, trailing clouds of glory.

* * *

Good preaching is never word conscious. The words belong and because they belong, they are lost in the larger movements of the sermon. According to the admonitions of the rhetorician a preacher's words should be good words, with the meanings usage has assured them nor offensive to good taste. When there are choices to be made, the simple have the right of way. They are to be used in the connections to which they naturally

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Rhetoric in English Composition; Sir Herbert Grierson, Professor Emeritus, University of Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd, London 1945. This little book, 147 ages, is a treasure trove for students of composition. his composition is deeply in debt to it.

belong and not subdued to strange usage.

A feeling for the right word is fundamental in good speaking and writing. "Emerson," said Lowell, "had an instinct for words and 'froze' onto those which suited his purpose." Beecher advised reading to correct or enrich one's habitual style; books, for example, exuberant in adjectives to make up for the preacher's own deficiency in adjectives. A preacher has a priceless and inexhaustable source of words in the King James version of the Bible with the variants of the modern translations. They are not only words native to his vocation; they are words suited to every situation and humanized by familiar uses.

John Livingston Lowes, in one of his delightful essays, calls the King James version the noblest monument of English prose and analyzes the elements which combine to create it; the vivid imagery of prophet and psalmist and the sublimity of their conceptions, and a matchless art in the telling of its Hebrew tales, have a power to kindle English speech into flame. The translators, says Lowes, were still under the influence of the Latin liturgies and their translations echo the sonorous Latin rhythm. They equally shared the Elizabethan "Elan" in the use of words and have left free to impose standards and what they have thus left us has echoed and re-echoed in our English literature for three hundred years.

Bunyon wrote *Pilgrim's Progress* with no source but his genius, the travail of his soul and his Bible. The nobler hymns are equally treasuries of words in rich cadences. Most authorities advocate as a preparation for being cast away on a desert island with scant transport for books a dictionary by all means. But the best source book for words is not a dictionary but is to be found in all the uses —spoken or written—of our mother tongue our immemorial racial inheritance, carried across the grassy plain, sea-borne and land-borne. These words are the servants of wisdom, imagination, poetic faculty, subdued to a high usage, used as means to lasting ends, at their best apples of gold in pictures of silver.

A real knowledge of another language is a great help, for in translations one has to study context, choose synonyms, feel for lights and shadows and listen for overtones. The study of the classics furnished generations a ground work for masteries of speech and writing which have never been surpassed.

* * *

But words, says Grierson, have other qualities than their meanings, their sounds, for example. Many words get their meaning from the sounds they sought to reproduce. Some words murmur and some shout or sigh and some have the sound of the wind in them, and some the rote of the sea, and some a child's pleading as he seeks his mother's breast. Poets have always sought some correspondence of sense and sound and found words docile to their needs. Melodious words are usually as pleasant to say as they are agreeable to hear. Words whose pronunciation require involved effort are rarely melodious, either because of the sequence of their consonants or due to some tricky accent. The music of a language is usually in its vowels. The strength lies in its consonants. The Doric quality of Alexander MacLaren's Scotch was said to have been one of the secrets of his power. The metaphorical use of "color" to describe certain qualities of both words and musical sounds is relatively recent and somewhat unavoidably subjective. As nearly as we can tell, the secret of color is emotional association. Words which evoke no emotional response are colorless; words which carry with them overtones and recollection, tenderness, impulse to action, evoke desire, appeal to the imagination, or leave us in any fashion strongly moved, may be said to have color. Vividness or suggestion—wealth might do as well as "color" for us.

It is impossible to divorce color from melody. Melodious words are always pleasing and, therefore, brighten a sen-

mon or a page. Our own associations help or hinder—Burke maintains that words "whose sounds lack reference to any particular association continue to operate as before," but one is inclined to believe this because words in themselves have a power to summon memory and stir emotion. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that for him the scent of lilacs was fragrant with all the affections of his childhood. Color must come naturally to a word or to a passage as to a rose or an autumn leaf. There is a way of dyeing flowers and there is equally a way of using "color" as a dye into which to dip words or narratives. But all this is artificial and carries no conviction.

It is very difficult to disassociate color, melody and rhythm. Rhythm, says the dictionary, is a flow of cadences and is a quality of all noble speech, warm with emotion, or rising to memorable heights. It is the pulse beat of glowing utterance, old as the poet's primitive chant or the prophet's passion. It renders the rhetoricians' "euphony" a combination of the factors we have been considering—rhythm, melody and easy pronunciation. Words may, by themselves, have a certain rhythm—like "tintinabulation." But for the most part, rhythms are in word sequences, in haunting balances of accent and syllabic length, in something which appeals to that primeval sense of rhythm which they say is one of the oldest qualities of our nature.

Whether the English language is either rhythmic or euphonic depends. Graver music, more majestic rhythm is in its Latin inheritances. Its melodic strength is in its Anglo-Saxon inheritance. Its glory lies in the combination of the two. The wise writer or speaker seeks that combination but he must never forget what can be done with old and simple words. "We shall never see his like again" holds its own against "the multitudinous seas incardinate."

* * *

Grierson continues his study of words with chapters on diction—suggestive but difficult to condense. His chapter on figurative language is most useful for preachers. There are, he says, two elements in figurative language; a "concrete presentation" and some "transfiguration of it by the imagination." This intermingling of vivid concrete objective presentation with transfiguring color has an unmatched power to evoke emotion.

Much of this, of course, grows out of the arrangement of words in sentences where arrangement is extremely significant. One man sees the plowman come home through the English twilight and the cattle brought in from the pasture. The old church bell begins to ring. "It grows dark," he says. "Old John looks tired. Everyone else has gone home. I had better go myself before it grows too dark." Or else the poet says:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plows his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

If a sermon be, as Martineau held, "a lyric expression of the soul," the poets have more to teach us than the grammarians.

* * *

Words get made into sentences, of course. They may be as simple as "a rose is red." They may, like one of Newman's sentences, fill a page. A sentence may blurt out what it means to say and be done with it. It may sustain suspense to the end. Sentences may be as clear as plate glass or it may be like looking at the sky through tree tops to get their meaning. They may be brazen and defy the world, or evasive and insinuating, or qualify their statements with dependent clauses. There was and may still be in the school books a discipline of diagramming sentences and so getting a picture of them upon the blackboard. All this I did in country school in a vanished educational world and it was long before I saw the significance of it. But now I know

that the graph of a sentence upon a blackboard is really a picture of their structure. Browning's graphs would have pendent clauses—more or less hanging in the air. Tennyson's would-be beautifully symmetrical. Sermons may be graphed as well as sentences.

No need to say how far a simple sentence may go beyond its words in meaning and suggestion. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

"Yea; in the sea of life en-isled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
We mortal millions live alone."

The rhetorician's classification of figurative language into similes, metaphors, tropes, etc., is generally beyond a preacher's need. There are rules enough: that figures do not mix well, should not be forced nor overworked, should be fit and drawn from ample sources. The use of figurative language trenches upon illustration for good illustrations are basically similarities in a slightly changed dimension. "This is like that." James Martineau had a gift for a use of figurative language almost unmatched in sermonic literature. It was thus that he wove his magic web—"Fold not the personal shadows round you; lie open to the glean that pierces them—a path of heavenly light streaking the troubled waters of your being." "In the virtue of the close affinity and perhaps the ultimate identity of religion and poetry, preaching," he held, "is essentially a lyric expression of the soul."

* * *

Mr. Well's article in the November issue occasioned more alarms and excursions than anything for a long time, if ever. The Quarterly has usually tried to keep clear of controversy, but it certainly entered a controversial region with that article. The criticisms and comments were for the most part well-tempered and to the point, though one brother included Professor Tolson's article in his general and rather heated disagreements, which to the editor's mind indicated a really inclusive genius for disagreement.

What Mr. Wells was after very likely was the "lag" between what is being taught in even pretty conservative theological schools and what gets preached, but he was not altogether felicitous in some of his approaches. If a consideration of the whole matter were possible here, which it is not, a good deal of really necessary revision of inherited theologies would better be done in classroom conference than in the pulpit. If Mr. Wells had maintained that the churches generally are not doing a good teaching job, he would have been on sound ground; for they are not. The editor's face is still red because he allowed "Immaculate Conception" to get through where "Virgin birth" was meant, but he recently found the same error in a manuscript of unimpeachable orthodoxy, which is a comfort. It all proved that the Quarterly does get read and that Congregational Christian orthodoxy is still sound.

* * *

On the threshhold of Lent the Quarterly can only repeat what it has said before; that the agencies and literature of our churches deal so adequately with this season, its meaning and its messages, as to leave nothing to add, for which this writer is grateful. It is not easy to urge the Christian spirit and the Christian order upon the dominant orders which have us under their command but the splendor, the tragedy and the redemptive power of Jesus' road to the Cross was because that was what he sought to teach and realize and still seeks.

Emphasizing The Fellow In The Fellowship

By

The Rev. William A. Cousins

Calverton, New York

THE general churchman, for whom friendly chatter and good companionship is as necessary for life as breathing, is most certainly frustrated at the usual church group designed to give him a sense of belonging to the Christian family. It would not be too much to say that the average warm-hearted person feels like committing harakiri after an evening at the Men's Fellowship. If he doesn't embark upon such a desperate adventure to escape his outraged feelings and dignity, the very least he must come to believe in time is that it takes a stronger intoxicant than a few straggling hymns and a prayer or two to loosen the human tongue and warm the heart of man.

If you think the case is overstated then consider the poor fellow's dilemma. Take John Harvey for instance. Church affiliation—Trinity Church. Church relationship—occasional attender, but persuadable. Financial loyalty—generous. Occupation—lawyer. Temperament — gregarious. Home life—happy and exemplary.

One night his pastor urges him to go to the men's group or to the state or association meeting. "You'll enjoy it," he says. Of course he has his doubts, and rightly so, but since he really believes religion is a good thing, he submits after some gentle prodding and goes to the men's group.

Poor fellow! he's at last going to realize just how the ugly duckling felt when no one would companion with him. At the meeting he finds himself caught in a whirl of activity. "Keep 'em busy," the current philosophy, is, as usual, being practiced that night. After all, the reasoning runs, they've only got pedestrian minds and can't converse intelligently by themselves. Besides they might start to think, then where would all the pet resolutions go, except maybe into the wastebasket; for thinking men would not assent so glibly nor pass very many of them so readily as is customary.

After enduring good-naturedly this mild form of coercion and after listening to the long sonorous sessions of inconsequential chatter on how the organization is doing and will do if you, John, dear fellow, will give us the adequate resources, someone announces refreshments and fellowship will follow.

* * *

At last he thinks to himself, I'll have a chance to meet some people, do a little talking myself, maybe strike up an acquaintanceship. He heads for Mr. J. Alan BigDome, thinking he'll start at the top and work down to the lesser fry, to shake hands and pass the word. J. Alan, who is executive secretary of the Flim-Flam project and who has had extensive experience at signing legal looking papers, talking into the dictaphone, and planning large projects which are never completed, and who is expert at handing out the party-line leaflets, gives poor John a condescending stare, sticks out his hand, waits for the congratulations on his address, and when the expected comes, gives a superficial grin, a cheery, "It's good to see you," and a quick nod of the head.

Immediately, John, who is not so dumb after all, realizes he has been dismissed. Guess he's out of my class, he muses to

himself. Then more charitably, well there is a good many people around and he's important. I better try someone else. So he goes up to Arthur Rinker who has been out to these meetings and who should know his way around, sticks out his hand, gives a big smile, and says, "John Harvey's the name, What's yours?" Arthur who is a veteran and knows it, gives John his name, his hand, his town, his church, a nod of the head and leaves him cold.

By this time John's beginning to feel a little out of sorts. "Keep smiling," he says to himself. "You're not adept at this thing as yet. You'll get used to it." With spirits somewhat dampened but still high he goes up to a friendly looking fellow and repeats the formula which by this time he's learned is standard. The man gives back in kind what he has received, chats a moment, then excuses himself.

A little bewildered John sits down for awhile to ponder his dilemma. He thinks of the family sitting around the television set. Boy, he thinks, and I left the family for this. Wonder what's on Ed Sullivan's "Talk of the Town" tonight. Bet the kids are enjoying it. What the devil did I come for. Bet they're having ham sandwiches and coffee. Maybe Joe and his wife have dropped in. Wonder if they miss me. I sure wish I was home—the last with an audible sigh.

* * *

It would be too painful to recount all of the poor man's unhappy experiences that evening when, out of a sense of duty to his religion, he left his barriers down, responded to his minister's plea and went to the Men's Fellowship. You've seen it yourself if you're honest; worse yet you've experienced it, and let's be frank enough to admit it. A minister who has been in the pastorate forty years and who has been highly successful, according to the contemporary secular standard of success, recently admitted to me, when I myself felt a little out of sorts at one of these meetings, that he wished it was different. As he expressed it, there was no friendship in the fellowship.

To save the faith of the John Harveys of our churches, it's time the friendship was put back into our fellowships. A few simple rules designed to make us better conversationalists, plain friendly people, and better all-round men is hereby humbly offered in the hope that more emphasis will be placed upon the average individual as a person, and with the hope that more warmth will be restored to our meetings. They probably won't do as much for you as the advertisement from the personality school promises, but try them anyway and see if they don't work, at least a little.

* * *

The first rule is extremely simple. Cogitate, brethren, cogitate! Our minds are filled too much with the petty projects at hand, too little with the eternal verities of the ages, and with none of the common sense wisdom which makes conversation sparkle and come alive, and which melts the human heart, setting it to bubbling with brotherly affection. There is no use, and less sense, in staying in this far from enviable category of the improperly cluttered mind, so the next time the meeting rolls around set yourself to spend a little time in quiet thought. "Be still and know" worked quite well for the psalmist and it should work for you.

An important, highly paid executive of a corporation was recently praised at a testimonial dinner for the many contributions he had made to the company's progress. The speaker had been lavish in his praise, portraying the executive as a slave in the company's service, the personification of business itself. This was too much for the executive. He knew exactly how his day was spent—his hours weren't long, his work wasn't especially difficult; it did, of course, require a little quiet thought. When the executive arose to his feet to respond to the gracious words of praise, he said, "Could many of you see my office you would be greatly

disappointed. I am not the personification of business. I have no flock of secretaries rushing about frantically; in fact, I don't even have one and, often, I answer the phone myself. Most of the day, I stand and stare out of the window or sit relaxed with my feet propped on the desk. When I was younger I was impressed by the statue 'The Thinker,' now that I am older it gives me pleasure to know my fellow workmen respect and business rewards the practical cogitator who applies his thought to commercial use. It pays to cogitate, gentlemen."

The practice will pay off, for you, too, in social dividends. It will relax your mind, elevate your thought, and make it possible to expect more hopeful things when you go out to consort with the brethren. Try it and see! The first thing you know men will be seeking you out, not because they are engaged in a social marathon and must complete the cycle before dismissal time, but because they appreciate you for yourself. I'd like that, wouldn't you?

Of course a few "don'ts" are appropriate here. Don't fill your mind with irrelevant chit-chat. Don't publish the latest best seller in vocal form. Don't remember a blessed thing you have read in the news or church magazines, those enemies of good thought and quiet wisdom. Take a leaf from Einstein's notebook. He read little in his youth, but dreamed and thought all the time. It may be true that your brain capacity is not as large and your youth may be long since past, but now is the time to catch up on a much neglected practice; the gray cells are still there and you'll be surprised what's in the old bean.

After your mind is filled with philosophical wisdom, of the home-grown variety, just once forget about acting like a politician at an old folks benefit. Go out to that meeting determined to strike up a real conversation. Take yourself out of circulation for awhile, and converse!

Washington Irving, the man whose pieces you read in public school, has a sharp word for us here. In "The Sketch Book," he severely castigates the social practice of Englishmen, especially in the large metropolis of London (1819-20). In effect he is saying that when cities get bigger, the day busier, men get smaller and their motives pettier. The same could be said of institutions. Are you curious to know what he'd say about us . . . ?

Well, to edit the piece enough to alter the circumstances to fit the occasion, imagine Brother Irving visiting one of our fellowships. And suppose he received the same treatment the poor John Harveys usually go through. Suffering from outraged feelings, he goes home to pour salve on his emotional wounds, takes up his facile quill, gathers his scattered thoughts and takes aim . . . Those who see the average churchman only at the men's fellowship or at state or association meetings "are apt to form an unfavorable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling . . . He has, therefore, too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economize time so as to pay the other visits . . ." All of which "is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient commonplaces, they present but the cold meetings, they can but deal briefly in superficies of character—its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow."

The next time you go to that meeting give yourself, and the other fellow, a chance. Search out a rather forlorn looking individual standing by himself or sitting in the corner, another John Harvey like yourself perhaps, and settle down to a real conversation by allowing time for

the rich genial qualities of your character to be warmed into a flow. Now's the time to use your storehouse of wisdom, unlease your personality and charm the gentleman. The poor soul will probably be your friend for life since he's no doubt very tired of the butterfly-art of flitting himself.

Above all else, when you are at these meetings, try to be friendly! As a rule of thumb method designed to improve the barrenness of the church's fellowship no one seems to believe in it much, but try it, anyway! A fellow in a bygone era who tried simple friendliness as an approach to men, found it worked quite well; in fact, he was phenomenally successful in making people feel at home in the church's fellowship. Of course folk labeled him, "Crazy Moody," but really now, is it so terrible being a fool, especially "for Christ's sake?" All the poor fellow did was to work on the same sweeping assumption that you, yourself must work on if you are to be successful in your ministry, namely, that we are all brothers together.

Well there they are, these rules designed to emphasize "the fellow in the fellowship." Will they work? Try them and see!

Report of the Associates in Reading

The Rev. Richard P. Carter, Reporting

A CHRISTIAN minister in Europe recently observed, "Christianity is vague and right, Communism is specific and wrong." Much of the appeal of the latter—and it has more than we like to admit—is due to its exactness, its clarity of expression. We Christians are too vague about what we believe.

All too frequently we take refuge behind the cloak of "the priesthood of the individual believer." For the Christian in the liberal tradition there is an understandable variety of convictions. But this too often merely hides the confusion in our own minds. There is a vast difference between precise minds that differ in interpretation and vague minds that vary largely in their vagueness.

Protestant Christianity, by the very nature of its awareness of individual freedom, and its acute sense of personal responsibility, lacks a uniformity of expression. But it does require disciplined minds and spirits that, each in his own tongue, speaks with precision. To this end we need the clarity of speech and sense of direction that comes only with the fellowship of mind with mind, kindred in spirit, differing in interpretation. A young Communist leader said last summer, and with great zeal: "Everyone must have something to believe in." He was certain he had that "something." We must have as great a conviction about our "something."

I suggest this is especially true in the realms of Faith and Works. To generalize, the common man everywhere is waking to a new day. There are clarion calls on many sides for a new order. Many are secular in nature, and let us confess it, they offer a convincing hope for the future. Can we, describing Christ as our Saviour, as earnestly convince people that He is "the way, the truth, and the life"? Certainly this is a time of wide-spread uncertainty. What greater opportunity could there be, then, for Christian leadership?

With all this in mind the Associates in Reading have selected the following books as recommendations for your lenten and spring reading. We believe you will find them stimulating, especially for study and discussion with a group of your fellow-ministers. Let us know what we can do to assist you in organizing a group or purchasing books.

Lenten and Spring 1952 Recommended Reading List of the Associates in Reading and Discussion of the Department of the Ministry, Congregational Christian Churches

PRIMARY LIST

"Christ and Culture," by Richard Niebuhr. Harper & Bros, New York, $3.50

This volume is of lasting significance. It deals with the age-old problem of the conflict between the eternal ideals expressed in Christianity and the ways and beliefs of the world in which it is placed.

The divisions of the work, presenting the possible relationships and adjustments, are exceedingly well conceived and their treatment logical. The breadth of the author's knowledge of the thought which bears on this subject, plus the clarity of his interpretation put the reader deeply in debt to him.

For those who feel the ethical and theological tensions of these times this study is of great relevance. For any group of men who are willing to think as well as do further research, this study will be of inestimable value.

"Bradford of Plymouth," by Bradford Smith. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia & New York, $5.00

This book is recently off the press. It is the first full length biography of the man who was really "the rock" upon which the Plymouth Colony was founded. The author brings both the pride of family tradition and recognized scholarship to his writing. Careful research and discerning sensitiveness combine to produce a story filled with clear insights and significant perspectives for all who are concerned to rediscover the best of the Pilgrim spirit and way. The kind of book you want to share and discuss.

"Democracy and the Churches," by James Hastings Nichols. Westminster Press, $4.50

This is a well-documented survey of the relationship between Christianity in its various forms and the development of political democracy as we know it in America.

The author shows how Protestantism and Roman Catholicism have differed in their support of, or opposition to, the democratic way of life. He does not neglect the recurrent liberal trends within authoritarian religion and the anti-democratic bias of many Protestant groups.

By dispassionate historical analysis he shows clearly where the different churches stand today, and indicates the direction from which support of our democratic tradition will continue to arise.

In the renewal of what he calls "Puritan Protestantism" he sees the religious force necessary to maintain our political freedom. From this tradition it sprang in the beginning, and by it democracy has been nourished to this day.

An important book for every minister who would gain an accurate understanding of the present controversies in this field.

"Protestant Thought in the Twentieth Century." Edited by Arnold S. Nash. Macmillan Co. $3.75

This book contains the development of thought during the past 50 years in the realms of Bible study, Philosophy of Religion, Systematic Theology, Christian

Ethics, Church History, Pastoral Theology and Psychology, Preaching, and Christian Education. Each chapter is by a recognized authority in his field. Each confesses scholarly effort outside the church. But a recognition of the need for a theology in his field sends each one back to the church in humility. Is the church equipped to meet their needs? The way in part, is pointed out by a recovery of the gospels and the movement toward ecumenicity.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST

"I Believe," by Nevin C. Harner. Christian Education Press. $1.75

Here is a simple, straight-forward presentation of essential Christian truth, sound in scholarship, evangelical in spirit, abounding in clarity. It is an admirable guide and text for study and discussion of the meaning and truth of Christianity in terms which can be understood and appreciated by the mind of today.

"Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind," by P. T. Forsyth. Blessing Books. $2.50

What do you preach? What, really, is the authentic gospel for our time? How shall it be presented to men in our age? This classic, and amazingly timely book is a must for any minister who would preach a gospel relevant to these days. It should not be missed by those who have never read the book, and reread by those who have.

"The United States and China." Harvard University Press. $3.75

This is a comprehensive, authoritative book, vital for a clear understanding of the oriental mind. It is especially helpful in providing a background of Chinese culture.

"A Fresh Approach to the New Testament," by H. G. G. Herklots. Abingdon-Cokesbury. $2.00

Here is a primer of the origins of Christianity, informally presented. A good book as a starting point for a discussion group. "The key to the understanding of the New Testament documents is that they are the propagandist literature of a widespread and successful missionary movement." Who were these first missionaries? How did they work? What opposition did they face? Here are the answers.

"The One Church," by Clarence Tucker Craig. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. $2.00

The author is both a scholar in New Testament studies and an active participant in ecumenical affairs. He gives us a succinct yet comprehensive survey of the New Testament sources of a number of the considerations that still make it difficult for many Protestant groups to find full unity of thought, conviction, and action.

"The Life We Prize," by Elton Trueblood. Harper and Brothers. $2.50

In one of the best books he has written Dr. Trueblood analyzes the elements that, taken together, make up the life we prize. He brings to the task his rich background as a Christian philosopher. The book is written with special reference to the present difficulties, threats and strains of western civilization.

"The Doctrine of the Atonement," by Leonard Hodgson. Scribners. $2.50

This is an excellent historical, comprehensive, and stimulating study of the Atonement and its relation to pain, punishment, creation, forgiveness, redemption, Christ, and the Church. It is excellent reading for Lent.

"Self-Understanding," by Seward Hiltner. Scribners. $2.75

Ministers will find this book not only helpful as background for their own counselling but useful in putting into the hands of those who come to them. It may establish a basis for a freer discussion of personal problems.

"The Christian Way," by Sidney Cave. The Philosophical Library. $3.75

The author defines the motives and sanctions of Christian ethics in the great theological concepts of law and grace, of faith and works. Much of the book deals with life in community: marriage, industry, the State.

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